The People's Advocate.

$1.50 per Year, invariably in Advance. Principles, not Men; but Men as the Representatives of Principles. Single Copies, Five Cents.

VOL. VI. WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1881. NO. 9.

The Highway Cow.

The hue of her hide was dusky brown,
Her body was lean and her neck was slim,
One horn turned up and the other turned down,
She was keen of vision and long of limb;
With a Roman nose and a short stump tail,
And ribs like the hoops of a home-made pail.

Many a mark did her body bear;
She had been a target for all things known;
On many a scar the dusky hair
Would grow no more where it once had grown:
Many a passionate, parting shot
Had left upon her a lasting spot.

Many and many a well-aimed stone,
Many a brickbat of goodly size,
And many a cudgel swiftly thrown,
Had brought the tears to her loving eyes;
Or had bounded off from her bony back,
With a noise like the sound of a rifle crack.

Many a day had she passed in the pound
For helping herself to her neighbor's corn;
Many a cowardly cur and hound
had been transfixed on her crumpled horn;
Many a teapot and old tin pail
Had the farmer boys tied to her time-worn tail.

Old Deacon Gray was a pious man,
Though sometimes tempted to be profane,
When many a weary mile he ran
To drive her out of his growing grain.
Sharp were the pranks she used to play
To get her fill and to get away.

She knew when the deacon went to town;
She wisely watched him when he went by;
He never passed her without a frown
And an evil glance from each angry eye;
He would crack his whip in a surly way
And drive along in his "one-hoss shay."

Then at his homestead she loved to call,
Lifting his bars with crupled horn;
Nimbly scaling his garden wall,
Helping herself to his standing corn;
Eating his cabbages, one by one,
Hurrying home when her work was done.

His human passions were quick to rise
And striding forth with a savage cry
With fury blazing from both his eyes,
As lightnings flash in a summer sky,
Redder and redder his face would grow,
And after the creature he would go.

Over the garden, round and round,
Breaking his pear and apple trees,
Tramping his melons into the ground,
Overturning his hives of bees;
Leaving him angry and badly stung,
Wishing the old cow's neck was wrung.

The mosses grew on the garden wall;
The years went by with their work and play;
The boys of the village grew strong and tall,
And the gray-haired farmers passed away,
One by one, as the red leaves fall,
But the highway cow outlived them all.

—*Countryside.*

SO VERY PLAIN.

"If only she were not so *very* plain," sighed Mrs. Morton, as she discussed her daughter's future with her friend. "A plain girl nowadays has no chance at all."

And poor Lizzie Morton had learned to consider her want of beauty almost in the light of a misdemeanor.

"A woman has no right to be ugly," her father would say; and her mother would glance at her own reflection in the glass and murmur:

"Very odd that Lizzie takes after neither her father nor me."

So it is easy to imagine that Lizzie had looked forward to her first ball with mingled feelings.

"It is very little matter, after all, what you wear, my dear," her mother had said. "With your complexion anything will suit equally well."

And yet, when Lizzie was dressed and came down the broad staircase in her white dress, with its trimmings of carnations, and her crimson cape over her shoulders, she was by no means altogether unlovely.

Her eyes had a soft, mild expression, and the little hesitancy and shyness made her lower the heavily-fringed lids which many a beauty might have envied.

These heavy eyelids had been a trouble to her all her life. Her brothers had ridiculed her for her sleepy look, and she had been accustomed to hear sharp contrasts drawn between her mother's wide open, large gray eyes and her own heavy look.

So she followed her father in much trepidation to the carriage, and her heart beat high as, after their short drive, they reached Brandon Hall, with its blaze of light and waiting servants and general appearance of festivity.

Mr. and Mrs. Brandon were cordially greeted by their friend, Sir Harry Wells; and, being among the earliest arrivals, and upon a footing of the closest intimacy, Lizzie was claimed by the younger members of the family and carried off to see the decorations in the supper room.

She had time to recover some self-possession before the guests filled the ballroom dancing began.

Sir Harry's second son came up and claimed her for the first waltz—he could scarcely do less—but, that ordeal over, she was left to sit quietly by her mother's side.

She had been sitting still for a long time, when suddenly her ear caught a few words—something about "taking compassion"—and she was startled a moment after at hearing a few rapid words of introduction and finding a gentleman standing beside her, soliciting the pleasure of a dance.

"Poor little girl! how shy she is;" thought Lord Pelham to himself, as she gave a faint response and rose from her seat. "Well, one must do a good-natured thing once in a while."

The good-natured thing did not prove very unpleasant.

Lord Pelham's well-bred courtesy placed Lizzie at her ease, and, much to her own surprise, she found herself chatting to him all about her home, her scarcely discarded school days and this very ball.

"I suppose," said Lord Pelham, "you were very much excited about your first ball? I remember when my sisters came out the fuss there was! It is a good many years ago (by Jove, they wouldn't thank me for saying that though), and every one thought they'd take the town by storm. You can't guess, Miss Morton," he said, warming to his subject—"you can't guess how pretty they looked. I can see them now, dear girls! How proud I was of them both! I really don't know which was the prettier," he added, reflectively.

Lizzie sighed.

"Why! continued Lord Pelham, as if once startled in his recollections he found it difficult to stop. "I remember, almost quarreling with my cousin because Lily *would* dance the first waltz with him! How absurd it seems!"

"Are they married?" asked Lizzie, timidly.

"Married! Well—no," said Lord Pelham, reflectively, "and, come to think of it, it's odd too, that they haven't married, such pretty girls as they were."

"I thounht," said Lizzie, impulsively, "that pretty girls *always* married—at least—I——"

"You—what?" asked Lord Pelham, rather amused at her aroused tone; then as she shrank back into her shyness he continued, laughing:

"Well! I thought too once, that pretty girls always married—but they don't, you see! Why, half the old maids were pretty girls once!

"I wish I were a pretty girl!" said Lizzie, in a sudden burst of confidence, but so naively that no one could have suspected any desire for unmeaning compliment.

Her simplicity amused Lord Pelham vastly. He glanced at her little unconscious face and after a senond's hesitation asked, in a manner that put her quite at ease:

"Would you mind telling me why? Are pretty girls such enviable things?"

"I think they are," said Lizzie: "I'm so tired of being told how plain I am, every one seems to think I can help it; and I can't you know."

"No!" said Lord Pelham. "I suppose not, *you* weren't consulted about it, were you? Well, never mind, Miss Morton, I'll tell you something to comfort you. I've got a plain sister, and I love her better than both the others put together," and he looked so kindly at her, even with a little amused smile on his lips, that Lizzie's reserve melted quite away.

"Is *she* married?" she asked, in a hopeful tone.

"Married! Yes, indeed, married the first season she came out, and such a plain little body you did never see?"

"How did she manage it?" asked Lizzie in a tone of amazement.

Lord Pelham fairly laughed—he couldn't help it. This girl, this plain little girl, amused him vastly.

"Oh," he said, at last, "I suppose somebody was wise enough to know that beauty is only skin-deep, and my sister Janie had an angel's soul.',

Lizzie sighed again; then, with a renewed outburst of confidence, she said:

"I don't think beauty is only skin-deep. I think it's heart-deep. I would give all I have to be pretty.

And as she spoke, such a wistful, child-like look grew in her face that her companion was touched.

"I wouldn't think about it if I were you," he said, after a pause. "Try and put it out of your head. There are plenty of things beside beauty you can have. Don't you sing, or play?"

"I sing a little," said Lizzie. "But please don't tell any one. I am so afraid Lady Wells will ask me."

"I won't betray you," said Lord Pelham, more and more amused.

This naive little girl was something new in his world. There was something about her, too, which reminded him of his favorite sister. He felt that Janie would have liked her.

He took her back to her mother, feeling very much as if she were a little child confided to his care.

"Poor little girl," he was thinking to himself. "Is she so very plain?"

He had really scarcely noticed her, had asked her simply out of "compassion for her lonliness," with no interest in her personally whatever. She had amused him, though. He smiled again as he recalled her naivete.

After an interval his thoughts recurred to her.

"By Jove!" he thought, "I'll take her for some refreshment."

And very much to her amazement, and her mother's surprise, she was escorted on his lordship's arm to the refreshment-room.

All her shyness was gone, as far as Lord Pelham was concerned. She chatted away freely, not for a moment imagining in her simple little heart that he was critically considering whether she really was so very plain.

"I suppose she is," was his mental reflection—"I suppose she is—and yet I don't know. I wish she'd look at me. She may have eyes under those lids."

But Lizzie was not yet sufficiently at home with him to look at him. She answered his questions freely, and was easily led on to give graphic descriptions of her home life; of the brothers who teased her, and the sister, a year or two younger, who was longing to come out, and who was such a regular beauty.

"So fair, you know," said Lizzie, with a touching reflection upon her own dull and freckled skin, "and with such lovely large blue open eyes."

"By Jove!" thought Lord Pelham, "I wish she'd look at me. I'd like to see what her own eyes are like."

But this wish at least was vain. Not even her gratitude—and shy Lizzie was overpowered with gratitude for all his attention—could give her courage to look up at him.

He remained near her, chatting, till the carriages were announced, and even lingered to place her cape round her shoulders, and bid quite a cordial Good-night to he parents: but, after all, his curiosity was not satisfied.

"And so Lizzie *did* dance!" said her elder brother next day, as she ball was eagerly discussed.

"Dance!" said her father, in high good humor—"I should think so! Danced with Lord Pelham, above all!"

"Yes;" said Mrs. Morton, reflectively, "it was very good-natured of him. I heard him say something about compassion; he was sorry to see her so lonely."

Lizzie herself was so convinced that this was the case that she was not the least annoyed, only when she went upstairs she staid a moment longer than usual before her glass, and, raising her heavy lids, looked herself straight in the face.

"He's very good natured," she thought "I wish I were not so very plain."

Lord Pelham's curiosity about those eyes was singular. He found himself speculating more unreasonably on the subject, and wondering what color would suit her face.

Almost any color, he was forced to admit, would do. The dull, sallow skin, the ill-formed nose and wide mouth, no eyes could wholly redeem them, and probably the fringed eyelids were a compensation.

Well, well, what did it matter? He supposed they should not meet again. Why should they? He did not intend remaining in the neighborhood, and, had he intended it, he had no excuse for calling.

But they did meet. Somehow, on Sunday morning, a sudden and most unwonted impulse seized Lord Pelham to attend service in the village church. He went in late, a little embarrassed, if the truth must be told, at his own action.

He sat very quietly in the corner of the pew to which the old verger conducted him, and only felt at home when the the droning choir began the Psalms. Then he looked about, and soon caught sight of Mrs. Morton's handsome face.

"By Jove! what a pretty girl!" he thought, as his eye wandered past to a rosebud of a girl—"the beauty," evidently, of poor Lizzie's tale—and next to her sat his shy friend herself, the down-cast lids more drooping than ever, the dull complexion more leaden beside the bright blue eyes and pink and white of the pretty sister.

Still, Lord Pelham's glance rested on the plain face of his earlier acquaintance. The service seemed wonderfully short, and when the congregation left the chancel he found himself side by side with Mrs. Morton.

"Going our way?" she asked, in the porch: and so naturally enough, he accompanied them homeward, even walking through their park up to the very door.

"Mr. Morton's in the conservatory, if you care to join him," Mrs. Morton ventured to say, her motherly heart all in a flutter; for here, she decided, was a chance for pretty Rose.

And Lord Pelham did care, it appeared, and had a chat with the master of the house, found sundry points of interest in common, and even stayed for the family dinner.

"Horribly unaristocratic he must think us!" feared Mrs. Morton, as she explained that the early dinner enabled the servants to go to church.

Little Lord Pelham cared nothing for her chatter; he was wholly occupied with the plain face opposite to him.

In vain pretty Rose bridled and blushed; in vain she peeped up at him with her most bewitching air. He was only conscious of one fact about her, which was, that she snubbed her elder sister.

So did every one else, it appeared to him; for when Lizzie ventured the remark—which she rarely did—it was generally met with: "Oh, I dare say *you* think so!"

The neighborhood began to talk very soon after this eventful Sunday in the Mortons' life. Lord Pelham remained at his friend's—Sir Harry Wells's—and came so often to the Lodge, evinced such an interest in all Mr. Morton's improvements—actually invited the boys to his manor for the September shooting—that he seemed almost like one of the family.

One day in the early winter, when the hedges were sparkling with hoar-frost, and the roads were beginning to harden, Lord Pelham took his familiar way to the Lodge.

He was thinking, as he walked along, of many things about his intimacy there, and his thoughts involuntarily turned to Lizzie. He went back in his mind to their first meeting.

"I declare," he said to himself, "she never gives me a chance to see what those eyes are like. And how they do snub her at home, to be sure! Well, poor little thing! she's worth a hundred times more than that pretty doll Rose will ever be!"

He was walking briskly along, when his attention was arrested by a little figure which, turning a corner some distance before him, was hurrying, almost running, toward him.

"Why, bless me!" exclaimed he, quickening his pace, "it's Lizzie. What can be the matter?"

And as they met, Lizzie, with pale, frightened face, clung to his arm.

"Oh, Lord Pelham!" she cried, breathlessly, "I'm so frightened! Those horrid men! I ran as hard as I could. They actually spoke to me. There they come!"

As she spoke a band of tramps turned the same corner, evidently in high enjoyment of her terror.

"They begged," explained Lizzie, "and I was so frightened. I never was spoken to in the street before. I never go alone—only Dame Brown is sick in the village, and wanted to see me."

Lord Pelham was very indignant. He at first thought he would expostulate with the coming tramps; but feeling how undesirable it would be on her account, he contented himself with placing her little trembling hand on his arm, and casting fierce looks at them as he passed.

"Never mind, Lizzie!" he said, when, having turned the corner, they were out of sight. "You don't feel frightened now—do you?

And he stood still and took both the little shaking hands in his.

"Oh, no!" said Lizzie, looking straight up into his face, and then at last he saw the eyes, the violet eyes, swimming in tears, with their child-like look of trust and dependence. "I know you will take care of of me."

"Lizzie!" said his lordship, impulsively—"Lizzie, I want you to let me always take care of you. Be my wife, Lizzie—my dear little wife."

"Oh!" said Lizzie, drawing her hands away suddenly. "You *can't* mean it, I am *so very plain*!"

However, he convinced her that he did mean it, and the world has long forgotten that Lady Pelham was ever considered "so plain."

"She has such lovely eyes, you know," Mrs. Grundy says. The rest of her face is of no importance whatever!

Destruction.

When the Southern ocean was first opened to British enterprise by the discoveries of Captain Cook, it teemed with animal life. Fur seals and hair seals abounded on the coasts of Australia and New Zealand and on the outlying islands. They were at once set upon and killed, the slaughter being conducted without regard to sex or season. The result was the total extirpation of several species. "One might as soon expect to meet a sea lion on London Bridge as on any one of the islands in Bass' Straits," was the reply of a New Zealand naturalist to an inquiry about the seal life that early voyagers had observed. The same result has appeared on the Falkland Islands, at Cape Horn, and on the Pacific seaboard of South America. A vessel called the Betsy took 1,000,000 skins from the Island of Masafuera at the beginning of the century, an exploit which left no survivers for future adventurers; and the island of Juan Fernandez, where, in Anson's time, there were seals in abundance, has now only a few stragglers to show. The same thing happened at the South Shetlands. In 1821-2 British sealers took away 320,000 skins for the two years, killing males and females indiscriminately, and leaving the young to die. The fate of the sperm whale might furnish a useful lesson in the same direction. It was once abundant in the Southern Ocean, and is now all but extinct, from the very same causes that we have pointed out above in the case of the seals. The American whaler observed its maternal affection, found it easier to kill a mother and her cub together than a mother alone. A few years of this policy, added to the use of steamers armed with the projectiles of cunning contrivance, and the fishery had to be given up as no longer profitable.—*Saturday Review.*

Hair.

Not less than ninety per cent. of the women and five per cent. of the men in this country wear more or less false hair. This enormous consumption of the artificial and natural product suggests the fact, fearful but true, that nine women out of every ten about the street, in the church, or on the cars, charming or ugly to a line, have on a wig or a weft, a bandeau or a prepared net, bangs or waves, arranged at the hairdresser's.

Some people think that blondes never grow grayheaded. The fact is, one third of white shreds may be mingled with such hair, and few will notice it. The same proportion of blonde-headed people turn gray as those with any other colored hair.

The proportion of people who dye their hair is also surprising. Some twenty per cent. are said to do this. Of course, the greater proportion of this class are often, though not always, a sign of a life of trouble.

The dresser is more than often amused by requests from the country for "cold water frizzes." These, of course, comprise an article which will curl easily by application of water and are easily supplied. Curly hair has been the fashion for a year or more.

Of the two, human hair is the most called for. "Hair-raising" is a sort of industry in Europe. The peasant girls, who are much in the open air, get their heads cropped once a year, and thus furnish a portion of the supply. They are satisfied with a stipend so small that an American women would scorn to touch six times its value. Of the material imported France supplies half the trade and England and Germany divide the rest. The raw material finds its way here in great quantities, and is made up on this side of the water. The business is young yet in this country.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

In some parts of Arkansas the wild locust is becoming destructive to the crops.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Bad cooking is responsible for a large amount of ill-health, and so is rapid eating. Few persons chew their food perfectly fine before swallowing it. They have, so they think, not time to eat as they should, and so they swallow something and go about their work. A writer says: Three digestions are known to physiologists—mouth digestion, stomach digestion, bowel digestion. To make the first complete, the food should be ground fine by the teeth and mixed with the saliva and nothing else; then, and not till then, it is ready to be introduced into the stomach, and go through the second process. The stomach is a patient, long-suffering organ, but it cannot always do the work of the teeth and its own too, and when from sheer inability to meet the unjust demands forced on it, dyspepsia with all its annoying train takes possession, the hapless victim can only mourn over his unwise haste and repent of his omissions when it may be too late to repair them. Children, especially, need to be instructed as to the necessity of thorough mastication of their food, and the habit formed in them of chewing it fine and taking ample time to eat.

It is an old German adage that "more people dig their own graves with their teeth than with spades," and verily it would seem so, if we could look at the immense number of dyspeptics, rheumatic and gouty individuals, creeping through life in pain and wretchedness. Yet it is impossible to induce even thinking people to control their appetites, and to eat such things and at such times as nature shows them is necessary and right. Dr. Hall declares unhesitatingly that it is wrong to eat without an appetite; for it shows that there is no gastric juice in the stomach, and that nature does not need food, and not needing it, there being no fluid to receive it upon it, it remains there only to putrify, the very thought of which should be sufficient to deter any man from eating without an appetite to the remainder of his life. If a tonic is taken to whet the appetite, it is a mistaken course, for its only result is to cause one to eat when already an amount has been eaten beyond what the gastric juice is able to prepare. The object to be obtained is a large supply of gastric juice; whatever fails to accomplish that essential object, fails to have any efficacy toward the cure of dyspeptic diseases. The formation of gastric juice is directly proportioned to the wear and tear of the system, which it is to be the means of supplying, and this wear and tear can only take place as the result of exercise. The efficient remedy for dyspeptics is work—out-door work—beneficial and successful in direct proportion as it is agreeable, interesting and profitable.

It is generally supposed that solids are more favorable to the health than liquids, which may not be wholly true. While solids absolutely demand considerable chewing, that they may be swallowed decently, most of our liquids and semi-liquids are swallowed about as the anaconda disposes of its prey. The first step in the digestive process is chewing, but that act is made a necessary means of causing the saliva to flow freely from the glands of the mouth, that this saliva—a solvent absolutely needed in a perfect division and preparation of the food for assimilation—may perform its office work. Insalivation cannot be secured by hasty swallowing. It follows, therefore, that soups and the like must remain for a time in the mouth, that their stimulus may cause a free flow of this solvent, by which only it can be combined with the food. If not so combined, either the digestion must be imperfect or the organs of digestion must be overtaxed, performing their own labors and that of the mouth. If the smoker and chewer destroy a part of this saliva, may not the result be the same as when one swallows soups, etc., rapidly, without insalivation?

It is true that there are some liquids—like the fruit juices, beef tea, crust coffee, etc., demanding no digestion, and yet it is safe to insalivate all passing in the stomach.—*Dr. J. H. Hanaford.*

Suicides from High Places.

The first attempt to commit suicide on the elevated railroad in this city was made a few days ago by a young woman who threw herself from a station platform in front of an approaching train. In the large cities of the world the high places accessible to the public have come to be utilized for the purpose of suicide. Many persons bent on self-destruction have leaped from the parapet of the High Bridge Aqueduct across the Harlem River, and have been killed by the fall of over a hundred feet. Superstitious laborers engaged about the pumping-house have told stories of phantom shapes flitting along the capstones of the masonry on moonlight nights, or ascending the flights of stairs without stepping; and it is told of one of the men that though his working hours ceased at two o'clock in the morning, he would never cross the bridge to his home till after daylight. Since a drunken man leaped from above the keystone of the central arch, and lived to resume his occupation of fishing from the neighboring wharf, which exploit has been followed by descents in safety by two or three venturous persons, the place has been abandoned for purposes of suicide, as offering, perhaps too many chances of failure. After the Brooklyn Bridge shall have been completed, it will, unless closely watched by guards, offer facilities for suicide which can not fail to attract those who may be tired of life.—*Harper's Weekly.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The deepest known worked mine is in Australia, a shaft having been sunk 3,200 feet.

Philadelphia is reported to have a hundred new factories in course of erection.

There are less than one hundred equestrian statues in the world. Of these Washington has six.

A farmer in Markham township, Ont., has discovered a pit containing 500 skulls and other human remains, supposed to be those of Indians buried 200 years ago.

Electric lighting is in successful operation on more than sixty steamers on the Mississippi river and its tributaries. It is believed to add much to the safety of that kind of traffic and traveling.

The house of Washington Irving, two miles south of Tarrytown, N. Y., is greatly out of repair, but it is said that the library is exactly as he left it. His pen is on the table where he laid it down for the last time, and his papers as he had arranged them on his desk; they have never been disturbed.

Within the last decade seven of the great public men whose fame filled Europe for a couple of generations have died—Napoleon III., Mazzini, Thiers, Victor Emanuel, Pius IX., Alexander II. and Beaconsfield. Gortchakoff, Bismarck and Gladstone are still in harness, but their age will scarcely carry them to 1890.

Instead of India rubber, the Japanese use paper for making air-cushions. These cushions roll up smaller than India rubber ones, do not stick together after being wet, and having no odor are more agreeable for pillows. Moreover, their strength is marvelous, considering the material of which they are made. A man weighing 160 pounds may stand on one without bursting it. They are waterproof, too, and make good life preservers.

A Clergyman's Recreation.

Our country ministers do not show the interest in rural pursuits that their English brethren exhibit. One of these clergymen had charge of a parish made up of a mixed community as to occupation, some being farm laborers, others workers in mills and forges, and a few skilled artisans of one sort or another. Their premises were almost barren of beauty when he came among them and commenced his work. A skillful cultivator himself, his first efforts were to present an object lesson in [illegible]. Then, at invited gatherings of those whose welfare he had earnestly at heart he chatted on a variety of practical themes, gardening among them. The spark of interest thus lighted was fanned by judicious presents of seeds, cuttings, and plants—now a rosebush, a few flower roots, or tubers of an improved potato. Before long some one suggested the holding of a village show of vegetables. The next year flowers were added for fruit and flowers, and from this small beginning there came in course of time, a flourishing and admirable horticultural society, distributing annually a goodly sum in prizes, partly the contribution of "neighboring gentry," who were doubtless led to see important practical results of this "awakening" among their tenants. Thus through the example and work of one nobleman, the entire village was soon transformed into a garden of beauty.

How to Care for Young Fish.

Seth Green makes the following reply to many inquiries made of him by correspondents:

"I am frequently asked the question by my correspondents who apply for fish, if it would not do better to build a tank or pond and keep the young fry in them until they get larger before depositing them in the waters to be stocked? For the benefit of those interested, I will say that when the young fish is first hatched it has a yoke sac attached to it which, in trout and salmon families, lasts about forty days before it is absorbed. At the New York State hatchery we care for the young fry until the sac is absorbed, and than they are ready to be deposited, and the sooner the better. While the sac is on them they do not require feeding, but after this is gone they need something to sustain them right away. They can take care of themselves much better than any one can take care of them, and especially an unexperienced hand. I have known of many instances where parties have tried to keep them, and when they came to distribute them a number was found to have died. [illegible] small, and they are very liable to lose them all."—*Syracuse Courier.*

New Testament Stories.

The revision of the New Testament is reviving various stories about the book that find their way into the newspapers. There is the tale of old Commodore Vanderbilt's being in such a towering passion at having being summoned as a witness in court that he bit a piece out of the New Testament which was handed him to kiss. In a Scotch court, a Hebrew being on the witness stand, a copy of the Old Testament had to be sent for. After some delay the constable returned with a dilapidated copy of the New Testament. On being asked why he had not brought an Old Testament, he replied: "Please your Honor, it was the oldest one I could find." The New Haven *Register* tells the fact that a Cincinnati [illegible] her husband senseless [illegible] the Bible, says the old [illegible] and strong yet.

The People's Advocate

ESTABLISHED 1876.

J. W. CROMWELL, - - Proprietor.
REV. S. P. SMITH, Associate Editor.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
609 LA. AVE., WASHINGTON, D. C.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, if paid in advance,..... $1.50
One copy one year if paid after three months $1.65
One copy, one year, if paid after six months. $1.75
One copy, one year paid at end of year..... $2.00
One copy six months..... $1.00
One copy three months..... .50

Entered at the Washington Post Office as second class matter.

Please send by postal order or registered letter.

Address, THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, Box 263, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1881.

Subscribers finding this paragraph marked will understand that their subscriptions have expired, and unless they promptly renew the paper will be discontinued to their address.

The bill that will open the schools to colored children through out the commonwealth of Pennsylvania was passed by a two-thirds vote in the legislature Tuesday night.

It is represented on good authority that if the colored people of this district were to unite on a good man for one of the commissionerships his chances for appointment would be very good. We are very glad, therefore, to note the unanimity with which the name of Mr. M. *M.* Holland has been considered in this connection and trust that he will be appointed.

Dr. A. T. Augusta stands at the head of colored physicians in this city, and, therefore, he is eminently fitted the post of Surgeon of the Freedman Hospital, an institution from which he was artfully displaced some years past. His return would be a most commendable act on the part of the Secretary of the Interior.

The very creditable manner in which the Hon. J. H. Smyth has discharged the duties of Minister Resident and Consul General to [illegible] should assure his return.

A false impression was created that Mr. Smyth was not desirous of retaining his position, and other candidates, among them men of great moral and intellectual worth, presented their claims conditioned upon the belief that Mr. Smyth did not desire to continue in the service. This impression being removed, Mr. Smyth has practically the whole field to himself.

The time for the newspaper convention, adjourned to meet in New York, approaches; but since there have been some changes in the promises among newspaper men, the "Ohio Falls Express," in behalf of the common interest, asks for a change of place and proposes Nashville, Memphis, Indianapolis or some other interior town. Let us hear from the scribblers.—*Ohio Express.*

There's nothing mean about us. Have it over at New Albany by all means. Certainly "local pride in the common interest" would suggest it. The very idea of such a meeting at such obscure places as Philadeladelphia, Washington or even New York, where a large class of a ournalists debarred by distance last year could meet, is preposterous in the extreme. As it met last year at Louisville, why not this at New Albany, and the next at Evansville?

We find the following among the personal advertisements in the *Republican* of the 9th·

A Good-Looking young bachelor respectable and well to do, solicits correspondence with an interesting young colored Lady. Address Attica, City Post Office. je9-6t.

Immediately after it the following:

Mercy—Virtue—Hope—is Beauty, Purity and Loveliness personified. je9-3t.

This is a very commendable use to which to put a newspaper and we mention it for a purpose which those who have read "The Curse of Our Race" many easily comprehend.

THE REPUBLICANS AND RE-ADJUSTERS.

We conclude that the Republican party of Virginia is hard put, if it attempts this fall to saddle on to the Repudiationists or Re-adjusters. There are 80,000 Republicans in Virginia and 80 000 Re-adjusters. These hand full of tricksters desire to absorb this whole party. The Re-adjusters go over to Washington, and say what the Republican party wants in Virginia and then go back to Virginia and tell Mr. Dezondorf and other Republicans what they must do. Gorham over at Washington is ready to read any man out of the party that dares dispute "mars" Mahone and boss Riddleberger. Now we think the very best thing the Republicans of Virginia can do is to nominate their own ticket and let the Repudiationists either come to the Republican party or else go to the wall. We predict that the Republicans will let all hydrids sink beneath surging billows of political destruction.—*Athens (Ga.) Blade.*

We will not here attempt to controvert any assumptions in the above; but we would just like to ask Brother Pledger to say, whether he has or has not supported the Independent movement in Georgia? Whether there is or is not in Georgia a much larger proportion of Republican voters than in Virginia? Whether the *Blade* has or has not supported and contributed to the election of Independent candidates for Congress? Whether it has or has not also advocated the election of Democrats for *local* officers where the *election* of Republicans was out of the question? When these questions are answered we will have somewhat more to say.

THE VIRGINIA MOVEMENT.

The action of the Re adjuster convention should be reciprocated by Republicans white and black, to the extent of a cordial endorsement of the ticket put in nomination, as the most feasible plan by which to defeat the Bourbon element and open up the way to future Republican success in the Old Dominion. "A full vote and a fair ballot" is what all Republicans need in Virginia and elsewhere in the South, and what they must have in order to succeed. There is not a ghost of a chance of the election of a straightout ticket, because the Republicans themselves are divided on the policy of supporting such a ticket. If they were united, then a canvass under the old banner might be a guarantee of success.

As it is, an attempt to put such a ticket in the field not only means defeat, but defeat to those who while not Republicans on the salient points of our party platform stand ready to-day---whatever they might have done heretofore,—to accord to every voter his right to vote and to have it fairly counted; to support the free school system, to remove from the constitution the payment of the capitation tax as a prerequisite to the suffrage, to repeal the whipping post, petit larceny and other iniquitous laws. The Republicans who will not support this ticket, because its candidates were a majority of those in the past bitter Democrats, should acquaint themselves with political history and be themselves consistent by refusing the votes of all men who have ever been Democrats. White Republicans *may* with *some* show of reason oppose the Readjuster ticket, for its success may relegate many of them to private life while by its defeat they would lose none of their rights as citizens. On the other hand, the success of the Readjuster ticket will give effect to the one hundred thousand colored votes in the State for many years suppressed. It will do more: it will raise up among the whites advocates who once were enemies.

We would prefer to have the Republican party built up in a state like Virginia, of the same material as it is composed in Massachusetts, New York or Ohio, but this is absolutely impossible, the conditions and the material are different, and we must work with that we have. Because, a Republican nomination means no better show for an election than there was in 1877, we see no stronger reason for one now than there was then. Then the matter was not even discussed. Why now?

To Frederick Douglass we shall be ever grateful, as exhibiting in a great measure talents which had hitherto been esteemed the sole possession of the white race; he established the first newspaper in the world conducted by a Negro—devoted to his race's freedom, and their moral elevation. Let us hope that the light of that *North Star* will long continue to shine above our pathway, conducting us to higher and better deeds.—*Goldsboro (N. C.) Enterprise*

The editor has unwittingly committed a serious blunder. Colored journalism had its rise long before Frederick Douglass rose suddenly like a meteor, but with a sustained brilliancy across our Northern horizon. We have in our possession the first volume of *Freedom's Journal*, published in 1828 by Messrs. Cornish and Russwurm, and there were several journals published in the intervening fifteen years or more before the advent of the *North Star*. There were among others the *National Reformer*, published at Philadelphia September 1838, the *Mirror of Liberty* by David Ruggles, October 1836, an octavo journal, and the *Colored American* in 1837 by Philip A. Bell now the editor of the *Elevator*.

The sequel to the reappointment of J. Stevenson to Union Bethel church is as anticipated. Ninety members have organized and authorized their Secretary to inform the Quarterly Conference of Union Bethel church of their withdrawal without letters. They seem to be in earnest, their action may provoke criticism; they may be hooted at, it may be said that they will come to naught; but in view of the recent example of the Berean church it is wiser to await future developements. The present seceders are one twelfth of the late church membership, but they form a much larger proportion of of its working force. Families for generations at peace are now divided and embittered, and the great burden of building ONE church is increased by *attempts* to build two. Rivalries, insignificant as the suggestion may appear, are bound to ensue, the result of which none are wise enough to foretell.

Church divisions and secessions are always to be regretted, but often they open the only way to the institutions of reforms. The rebels of this generation often are the patriots of the next, and some of our most profitable lessons are learned in the school of bitter experience. Thus it appears to be with the A. M. E. church of this district. Ten years ago it had *two* of the most influential, not only of the Methodist, but of all the churches of this district. Now it has but one such: whether ten years hence it will have any or be only second- rate as to its *best* points here, time alone will tell.

No church here needs more to be pulled down than Union Bethel with its ancient architecture etc. Yet better far that it remain as it is, than that a new temple of modern architecture should point its spires heavenward, embellished with all that art or ingenuity can devise, at the sacrifice of the peace, of the harmony, and of the general progress of the people.

The question about the size of a man's hand above the political horizon, is the rapidly growing political power of corporations. They have dictated the appointment of Judges in the Supreme court, elected United States Senators, their own governors, buy up legislatures and place their facile instruments in high public stations wherever opportunity shows itself. Surely, such a power is a menace to the people's liberties and as to the final issue when they are aroused there can be no doubt.

FAMILIAR TALK ON SCIENCE.

NO. XXII

[Copyright by Rev. G. Frederick Wright.]

MAN AND NATURE.

Nature is a plastic medium upon which a man is permitted to impress his designs.

The human body is the apparatus through which the mind takes hold of nature. Force is stored up in the muscles. The muscles are connected, on the one hand, with the outside world by means of an elaborate system of joints and bones and ligaments. On the other hand, the muscles are connected by means of nerves with the brain. The brain is the seat of the mind's activity.

Thought is not a physical force; and yet it is able to set in motion an endless circuit of physical changes. What a spark accomplishes depends upon where it falls. If it is thrown upon shavings it may kindle a fire which may burn a city and this heat may so disturb the currents of the atmosphere as to change the course of storms upon which innumerable other things may depend: In ascending the stream of events we, perhaps, find the match in the hand of an incendiary. He can throw it upon the shavings or upon the bare floor. No more exertion is required to do one than to do the other. Which he shall do depends upon the moral motive which, for the time. actuates him. There are conflicting desires in his mind. The desire of revenge or plunder urges him to throw the spark in one direction. The fear of the law, and the memory of teacher's warning or a mother's prayers, would dissuade him from the evil deed; but these are not physical forces. They have neither length nor breath nor thickness nor weight nor motion nor any material attribute. They are thoughts. Yet they are so related in the brain to a chain of material forces that all the results alluded to hang upon the momentary choice of the incendiary.

In this power to direct and combine the forces of nature lies man's highest perogative. Nature is a closed circuit of forces, but at innumerable points the will of man can enter and change the course of the current without augmenting or diminishing the quality of force. As the huntsman pulls the trigger to his gun he can aim to the right or to the left as the pleases, and with an equal expenditure of nature; but his independence is limited. He can swim, but not without water. He can sail a ship, but not without wind. He can determine whether corn or wheat shall grow upon his soil, but he is limited to the cultivation of such plants as exist in nature. Man can build and carve and paint, but in it all his plans must conform to the nature of the materials at command.

Knowledge is power. Inventors get hold of the secrets of nature, and bring her reserved stores of energy within the reach of intelligent beings. Man does not work, he thinks and wills, and nature does the work. He domesticates animals, catches the breeze, harnesses steam to his chariot, and causes the lightning to do his will. The prosperity of a people will be in proportion to the wisdom with which their activities are directed.

STORER COLLEGE.

ITS FOURTEENTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT—JOHN BROWN'S SOUL STILL MARCHING ON.

Monday before last was all that could be desired for the commencement at Storer College.

People from the adjoining counties and neighboring towns of Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia made Harper's Ferry quite a lively scene. Under a canvass stretched from Academical to Lincoln Hall the literary exercises were conducted.

We arrived just in time to hear a few of the exercises of the graduating class and those of the academic department. Diplomas were awarded as follows: by Hon. J. T. Hoke, in behalf of the trustees, to A. W. Adams, J. B. Spriggs, Annie M. Brown, Mary L. Brown, J. C. Dixon, Alice V. Peyton, Rives C. Miner, Anna Pye, Jeanette Pye, A. P. Daniel, P. B. S. Bagnall, W. W. Uncles and H. J. Jones.

Of the exercises of the Academical Department which followed, the most notable was an oration on Oliver Cromwell by W. H. Jenkins. The audience was adjourned for dinner after which Frederick Douglass was announced to deliver his lecture on John Brown.

The afternoon exercises were opened by Rev. C. W. Denison with prayer, after which the President Rev. N. C, Brackett introduced the orator

Mr Douglass, began by reciting Cowper's immortal poem

"God moves in mysterious ways."

as an introduction to his masterly analysis of the character of John Brown, including his career in Kansas, and his place in American history.

The most striking and dramatic part of the exercises was the presence on the platform within a couple of feet from Mr. Douglass of Andrew Hunter, the Attorney for the Commonwealth against John Brown and his confederates. What a picture? Here was Frederick Douglass, who in 1859 had to flee from his home in Rochester to escape from the men who were ready to hang him, delivering an impassioned eulogium on John Brown and his cause, in the presence of Virginia's public prosecutor—now bent by age if not tempered by time; a toothless lion; a serpent with his deadly fangs removed—powerless to harm. Mr. Douglass abated not his sentiments—the occasion, the place and the circumstances only roused him to greater energy. Many good natured comments of Mr. Hunter made *sotto voce* upon the delivery of certain portions of Mr. Douglass' remarks occasioned such brilliant repartee that the audience became fairly wild with enthusiasm.

At the close of the oration, which will be published in pamphlet form, Mr. Douglass led in singing "John Brown" in which the audience heartily joined. Mr. Hunter rose, extended his hand and said "were Robert E. Lee present he would grasp the other."

The corner stone of the Anthony Memorial Building was then laid. Prayer was offered by Rev. Holmes, and singing by the College Glee club. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. C. W. Denison.

At night the dramatic entertain came off. It was very grand. Duhmere's band furnished the instrumental music and the New Orleans University Jubilee singers (three of the singers of whom belong to this city, Mr. and Mrs. Tombs and Mr.—)gave very excellent vocal music.

FIDELITY TO PRINCIPLES.

The Negro's faithfulness to the Republican Party just now is a subject of much speculation in Virginia, occasioned by the fair promises made to them by the Re-adjuster Democrats to carry out and put in force the principles of the Republican Party, while at the same time following the fate of the Democratic banner; there is no reason to justify this speculation or grounds to suspect that the Negro will desert the Republican Party upon the mere promise of an anomalous party, nor is there any precedent upon which such a belief may be founded. The Virginia Negro has been as faithful to the Republican Party as any class to any party in the world. Death, defeat, starvation has not deterred him from voting the Republican ticket, no matter if what he considered his bitterest enemy was the nominee, he buries the hatchet and gives him the vote: an incident of the late election serves to attest the correctness of these statements.

In the summer preceding the last November election, Mary, a pretty mulatto girl about 18 years of age, lived with Mrs. ——the wife of the Republican Nominee for Congree from the —— district. During the summer Mrs.——accused Mary of stealing household goods to the amount of one dollar and fifty cents and for which, as the girl could not prove her innocence of the charge, she was sent to jail—despite her step-father's offer to pay for the goods. Of course a girl of her attractive qualities was a rich prize for the jailor and his *pals*. About noon on election day, Harris, Mary's step-father, came up to vote. An acquaintance handed him a Republican ticket. After scrutinizing it Harris, looked up into the face of his friend and said:

"Dis is de ticket what I votes, I sees Gar-field and Arler on it, but den I thought I would not vote for Mr.——for Congress."

His friend inquired "Why not, he's the Republican nominee, and there's a good chance to elect him, you know there are two democrats running."

Still gazing at the ticket as though it was a mystery, he ejaculated "No use I done promised de old woman not to vote for Mr.——, for Congress,—but den I don't think she knows dare's two democrats running, Re-adjuster and Funder, darefore I just gwine vote for de President."

His friend argued the point with him a while.

"Why, if you don't vote," he said "you will be voting for either one or the other of the democrats, pray why, don't your wife want you to vote for Mr. ——, tell me."

Harris did not hesitate, but quickly replied, "I tell you his wife done put my wife's Mary in jail and you know no child can come out dare right, and now de gal is no count and dats de cause; but der," he continued, "'fore I vote for de democrat, if I must vote den, I am gwine vote for Mr.——, and tell the ole woman when I get home."

Making his way to the ballot box, Harris voted the straightout Republican ticket. when he went home at night and told the old woman about it, she said after a little meditation: "I'se sorry for de gal but I'se glad you vote de publican ticket."

This is not the only instance of the trial of the integrity of the Negro's fidelity to the party. A party of thirty-six laborers who resided in the city of Portsmouth were employed in cutting timber twenty-eight miles out on the Seaboard Road. Their employer informed them that he had arranged with the Railroad Company to attach to a passenger car to the freight train that passed—— Station every morning at nine o'clock and that they would be transported home free to vote. As the train reached the city by noon they felt secure and did not go on the night train the night before the election. Next morning they stood in line at the depot; and at nine o'clock the Iron Horse came snorting and blowing down the track and as the passenger car turning the bend hove in sight the heart of each of the thirty-six voters leaped with joy and then came the chorus, "Rally round de flag boys," and they gave it with a vim, but they hushed as the train dashed by them at its swiftest speed. In a moment it was all over and the voters were twenty-two miles from their voting precinct and no train until eve ing; but this did not dismay them. "Follow your leader," sang out Bill Teate and they were soon on their way to Portsmouth. At three o'clock that afternoon they marched up to the 3rd ward precinct and voted the Republican Ticket after walking twenty-two miles on the Railroad track. The city was carried by a very small Republican Majority.

ESKIAM.

Israel C. M. E. Church.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.)

The Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1844 because she could not allow a bishop to hold a slave submitted to a separation of the church which cost her five hundred members and millions in value of church property, after which her bishops were not allowed or tolerated to exercise any of the functions of their office south of the Mason and Dixon's line except in a few locations along the border. Thenceforth she did more to expose the sum of all villianies as slavery was called by Mr. Wesley—and to arouse public sentiment against it than all other religious bodies at the North. When the war broke out she was enthusiastically loyal in sustaining the government, and as was said by Mr. Lincoln, the Methodist Church furnished more soldiers, contributed more means and offered more prayers than any other religious organization. For these reasons she is regarded to her Southern Brethren as an ABOLITION and Political church, not a proper organization for Southern Methodists or even the colored race to identified with. At the close of the war she had a "Macedonian call" from the South, not by two's but by thousands, "come over and help us." It became the imperative duty of the church to send men and means which she has continued to do. The Methodist Episcopal Church is in the south to remain and will not dissect her membership, of which she has there two hundred thousand colored and about the same of whites. She is not in the South to antagonize other religious bodies but has a mission and duty to perform in spreading scripture holiness" and to establish and promote a Christian Civilization. It has the ability and the means of applying and the disposition to accomplish a glorious work for God and Humanity.

The Freedman's Aid Society of the M. E. Church was organized in 1866; since which time it has collected and dispersed $793,918.46. It has established and maintained in the South six chartered school institutions, three Theological and one Medical College and ten school institutions not chartered, with eighty teachers and two thousand four hundred and ninety pupils the past year there have been taught in these schools 63,000 pupils and by three pupils, have been taught 250,000 children and the Society has more than $250,000 invested in permanent school property has collected and dispersed during the past year $104,376.25. This work has been accomplished under the supervision of Rev. R. S. Rust D. D., Secretary of Freedman's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY

is of a much more recent organization; the President of which is Mrs. R. B. Hayes, wife of our ex President and Mrs. Dr. Rust is the able and efficient secretary. The object of this Society is to supplement the work of the Freedman's Aid and Missionary Society by Christian women to reach the home of the colored people. Schools are to be organized for the girls and women in connection with our churches and the institutions of the society. Home industry is taught by precept and example, to which is added home visitations by the missionaries. This work costs but comparatively little, and affords a rare opportunity to the church to aid the freed people.

It is hoped in time, as resources are developed to reach every needed corner in the land, and her Missionary Society expends annually, one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars on her Southern work in the support of the ministry in new and weak locations; and the

CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY

has aided in the erection of more than one thousand churches which are also used in part as School Houses.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

for which collections are supposed to be taken throughout the entire connection on Children's Day, second Sabbath in June, which is expended to aid the needy and worthy young men in our schools who are preparing for the ministry to to which might be added very important moral and material aid from the vast book concern at New York; from the Sunday School Union and personal contributions to specific objects amounting in the aggregate to a large amount.

OBSERVER.

PERSONAL.

W. A. Pledger delivered the oration at the decoration of the soldiers' graves in Marietta, Georgia. It was a fine effort and was well received.

Mrs. Nellie Ford Horn, daughter of the late H. Ford Douglass, one of the most brilliant colored orators of the past, is contributing stories to the Evansville (Ind.) "Tribune."

R. R. Wright retires from the "Journal of Progress" and J. D. Bowser from the "Gate City Press." P. A. Bell of the "Elevator" is sued for libel and an attempt to bully ex-Gov. Pinchback of the "Louisianian by a drunken Cincinnatian,—enough prominence to the press gang for one week.

The PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE of Washington, advocates a "Saengerfest" by Washington talent. A good move Brother Cromwell, by all means urge the scheme until it is consummated.—Review.

"REWARD."

Twenty five dollars will be given for the ex class-leader, Steward, Trustee or any one of the prominent ex-members of Union Bethel Church who will make oath before a Notary Public of the truthfulness of the following article published in the "Evening Star," June 3, 1881:

ANOTHER CHURCH TROUBLE.

OPPOSITION to a Pastor he talks of putting a head on a class leader. There is trouble in the congregation of the Union Bethel A. M. E. Church. It grows out of difference with the minister, the Rev. J. W. Stevenson recently assigned to the pastorate of the church. He is from Pennsylvania, the congregation is divided, most of them taking sides against the minister; his unpopularity grows principally out of the fact that he has treated his congregation, members of it say, as if they had to be civilized or as if they were in a state of the lowest barbarism. There has been some lively talk between minister and congregation. At a recent meeting of the class leaders there was considerable of a row, it is said the minister is reported to have pulled off his coat and threatened "to put a head on" one of the class leaders.

By order of the joint meeting of the Official and Trustee Board of Union Bethel A. M. E. [illegible] June 8, 1881.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1881.

AGENTS.

Baltimore..... D. D. Dickson.
Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... G. B. Anderson.
" ..... G. W. Renfro.
C. A. Lemar, Collector for Washington.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
Lawrence,..... Rev. W. H. Scott.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

Ten lines constitute an inch.
Business and special notices are 5 cents a line.
Advertisements see rates.

SUBSCRIPTION.

One year, $1.50, if paid in advance.
Six months, $1.00.
Three months, 50 cents.
Twenty-five copies one month, $4.00
All communications should be addressed to J. W CROMWELL, Box 263, Washington, D. C.

WHERE TO GET YOUR ADVOCATE

Mrs. J. A. Polkaty, 1218 M street northwest, Washington, D. C.
Wm. L. Freeman, 1905 K street northwest, Washington, D. C.
D. D. Dickson, 84½ St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

—Societies and churches wishing local notices of their entertainments and other special exercises, in order to ensure the same should send complimentary tickets.

LOCAL.

☞We insert a three line local advertisement for entertainments, at which an admission fee is charged, for twenty-five cents tf.

—See advertisement of Washington Cadets in another column.

—Dr. T. G. Dorsey has insisted on Miss Carrie Lewis' innocency all the time.

—Asbury Concert Monday night was very well attended, but it was only fair from an artistic point of view.

—J. B. Devaux is a candidate for the Macon, Georgia post office.

—Mr. C. H. Coombs was in the city again this week.

—The assault of George Johnson upon Mrs. Dixon's son last Monday was most brutal.

—A lecture will be delivered in this city by Mr. Isaac F. Norman, of Ohio, now in the United States Life Saving Service. The time and place will be advertised next week in the PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE and the *New South*.

—There was a grand entertainment given at Bethel Hall, M Street between 16th and 17th Streets, Monday evening, June 6, 1881, by Mount Olive Commandery No. 1, of the A. 1. O. of Moses.

—Miss Mildred Morton was quietly married Wednesday evening at the residence of Dr. Crummell to Mr. J. H. Johnson. Miss Marie James, a little Miss of six years, acted as bridesmaid.

You may escape all danger from attacks of Diarrhœa, or Cholera Morbus, by a little forethought, in providing yourself with Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam—an old remedy and entirely safe.

—Among the floral tributes given to the members of the graduating class of the Law Department of Howard University, were a lyre of flowers presented by the clerk of the stamp division Post Office to Mr. J. H. S. Parker and a basket of flowers by clerks in the Pension Office to Mr. Leonidas A. Lewis. The same gentleman received from a lady friend Bispham's Principles of Equity.

—The Wayland Chorus of Singers had been given permission by the the pastor of the North Street Baptist Church (14th near R,) to give one of their concerts and were authorized by one of the deacons Z. Richards, Esq. to go ahead and complete their arrangements. They did so. Programmes were struck off and on Tuesday Mr. A. C. Murphy, one of the chorus, called around to get the key in order that there might be a rehearsal. Mr. Richards then informed him that there had been some complaint against the use of the church for that purpose because of stipulation in the deed to the church that colored people should never worship in it. This was construed to prevent the use of the church for the purpose named. The notice was not given out on Sunday by the pastor although he had previously promised to do so. What a commentary upon the christianity of these Baptists. In all probability they believe in a heaven with katchen attached.

West Washington.

The Ebenezer A. M. E. Sunday School which has been disorganized for the last three months, has been successful in securing Mr. Joseph C. Becket as its superintendent. The officers and teachers are working hard to make this school what it has been; one among the leading school of the district.

MISS HALLIE Q. BROWN.

The very laudatory manner in which Bishop Payne spoke of Miss Hallie Quinn Brown when her readings were first announced, was fully warranted by her first performance. Tuesday night an audience of about two hundred and fifty persons was present to greet her at Union Bethel Church. After music by the choir, Rev. J. W. Stevenson introduced Mr. William E. Matthews, who, in turn, gracefully introduced the lady to the audience. Miss Brown is quite tall, has auburn hair, a keen eye, a voice of remarkable compass and features of great mobility. Her selections were as follows: The Last hymn, The Love Letter, How one saved St. Michael's,—a thrilling story in verse relating how this famous Charleston Church was saved from fire by the daring act of a slave, Jemima's Courtship, Curfew must not ring to-night—in which she exhibited intense dramatic power, Ameriky's Conversion, Uncle Daniel's Vision, The Little Hatchet and The Creed of the Bells. All of these selections were very well rendered, and it would be difficult to say in which she rose to the greatest artistic hight: whether in the Irish Love Letter, in which she fairly convulsed her audience with laughter by her life-like delineations of Irish and Negro character; in How one saved St. Michaels or in Curfew must not ring to-night; whether in Aunt Jemima's Courtship or The Creed of the Bells, she appeared to the best advantage. To use an old saying "All were best"—Miss Brown stands by far much more above the readers we have been accustomed to hear, as Madame Selika does above the singers who carry off the laurels at our concerts. Miss Brown deserves a crowded house, and when she is thus heard here, the mere announcement of her coming will fill either Lincoln Hall or the Congregational Church. She reads again on Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights.

THE COMMENCEMENTS.

The Miner Normal School.

As announced in the ADVOCATE last, the commencement exercises of the Miner Normal School were held Wednesday evening last. Before eight o'clock the hall was packed, and when the exercises began the aisles and hallways were crowded. Miss Martha B. Briggs, the accomplished principal, and her co-workers came in a few minutes before eight and took seats on the platform. Shortly afterwards the graduating class of 18 young ladies wheeled into the room, and the exercises began with music by the class. Secretary J. H. Brooks announced the order of exercises as follows: Prayer by Rev. William Waring; essay—Take off the Cloaks, Miss Henrietta L. Evans; essay—Lucretia Mott, Miss Mary C. Champ, music by class; essay—Sign-Posts Miss Millie E. Gibbs; essay—A Plea for Life, Miss Julia W. Mason; music by the class; presentation of diplomas by Commissioner Morgan; address to the class by Rev. Mr. Shippen; music by the class; remarks by Mr. Eaton, Commissioner of Education; class song, by Miss Rosetta A. Boston; benediction.

The exercises were very creditable, but did not surpass the class of 1880. Misses Evans and Mason will have to draw straws as to which was the better essay; they both were excellent, and fully met the expectations of their friends. The best material in a graduating class is not *always* to be found among those who take active part at commencements, and there is no doubt but that the silent ones had some excellent minds among them capable of great accomplishments. Misses Gibbs and Tibbs sang a duett which was well received. Miss Anna E. Geary, on the part of the class of 1880, in a neat speech peculiar to herself, presented Miss Briggs with a silver knife, fork and spoon.

The following are the graduates: Misses Helen A. Black, Rosetta A. Boston, Sara E. Carter, Mary C. Champ, Henrietta L. Evans, Katie E. Ford, Millie E. Gibbs, Emma M. King, Katie R. Martin, Julia W. Mason, Cicely J. Payne, Isabel I. Saunders, Almira E. Schureman, Minnie I. Scott, Martha A. Shelton, Mary V. Tibbs, Mary L. Washington, Mary A. Wheeler.

The High School.

The seventh annual commencement of the High School took place Thursday evening in Sumner Building. The exercises were interesting throughout, and reflected much credit upon the teachers and the taught. The following was the order of exercises: Essay, "A Sunbeam," Miss Hattie E. Stewart; essay, "Reform," Miss Lydia C. Powell; song by the class, "Sunbeams are glancing;" oration "Courage," Mr. J. A. Harris; essay, "I wonder why," Miss Mamie E. Nichols; solo, "The wagon," Mr. James Butler; oration "The Future," Mr. Ralph S. Parrott; quartette, "Dream, baby, dream." The diplomas were presented by Commissioner Dent. Miss Mary J. Patterson, the worthy and devoted principal, was presented with a handsome gold ring by the class as a token of their respect and love for her. Rev. F. J. Grimke delivered an excellent address to the class. The graduates are: Misses Anna L Costin, Mary E Edwards, Mary F. Fletcher, Millie E. Gibbs, Mamie E. Nichols, Bertie S. Page, Lydia C Powell, Hattie E. Stewart, Clara R. Wheeler, Samuel Gray, J. Albert Harris, and Ralph S. Parrott.

O. D. J.

"Quiz's" Reply to "Joyce"

Since "one of the greatest evils that theatens young writers is obscurity," why does she use it? As for myself I would rather be obscure about now.

I admit I did wait a long time before asking those questions, but was waiting to see if some one else would not ask them. As no one did I thought I would try it myself.

I have all confidence in the person that told me about Joyce. And I *do know* that Joyce is "one of the girls."

I am very glad to hear that she has learned to perform those duties, since I heard she could not.

My "reasoning" may be absurd," yet I think she *ought* to be as well informed about *home* duties as any other girl. As Joyce sees "full well through the doting fondness with which many young ladies caress children, seeking through such signs of latent tenderness to capture the heart and hand of some unsuspecting bachelor," perhaps she has tried that dodge herself, as she knows so much about ladies doing it. I must say in the words of one of our great men, "There is but one lamp by which my feet are guided and that is the lamp of experience."

I did not think she was "Goldsmith," with his wild and irregular life, or the "drunkard," who is a slave to the bottle.

Yes, any one may give advice and Joyce's was splendid; but I only want to know whether she could do those things.

My advice was certainly not given maliciously, and if she thinks so, I hope this will chase such thoughts away.

Now let us kiss, and be friends once more.

QUIZ.

MORE HONORS.

Mr. Editor:

We have a population here in Rensellear county of one hundred and sixteen thousand and a grand total of nine hundred and thirty-six colored; but sir, it would have made any Negro feel proud of his race to have seen a colored youth of about 19 years of age walk away with the prize at the rhetorical contest at the public high school of Troy, on Friday, May 27, the only colored scholar who attended the school. There is soon to take place another interesting event to these nine hundred and thirty-six people—the commencement of Rensellear Polytechnical Institution, where there is again one more of those hopeful boys and one only, who has a place at the head of the senior class and who promises to walk out next Wednesday with the honors of a class of twenty whites. Notwithstanding these pleasant incidents,—I have had cause to remain here since November,—I am now very happy to get out from among these nine hundred and thirty-six. Permit me to subscribe myself,

Respectfully,
J. CARTER SMITE.
19 1st Street, Troy, New York.

G. U. O. of O. F.

Communications for this column should be addressed to "ODD FELLOWS' COLUMN," PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

Brief communications and inquiries for this column are invited. It is, as its name implies, devoted to the interests of the order.—Ed.

BROTHERLY LOVE LODGE No. 896, J. L. Thomas, P. S. No. 106 Short st, Harrisburg, Pa. Every Monday evening Eby's Building Market st. near 6th. dec25 1y

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Mr. Henry S. Clay, late of Mobile, Alabama, has held several meetings, in order to call the young men together and give them to understand that an Odd Fellow Lodge is needed among us. It is said that he has been successful in his undertaking, and in a few weeks we will have an Odd Fellow Lodge in the capital city of Iowa. —*Conservator.*

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THE NEWS.

The President appointed Addison Brown, of the firm of Stanley & Brown, New York, United States judge for the Southern district of New York, vice Choate, resigned.

A vault in the cemetery at Canton, O., has been found broken open and the bodies of the dead scattered around. The supposed object of the desecration was to obtain jewelry from the bodies.

The Governor of Colorado received a telegram from the sheriff of Conejos county, saying: "The county is powerless against the armed desperadoes."

In consequence of the prevalence of the vomito in Vera Cruz, the Mexican Railway Company put on a special train on the days of the arrival of steamers to take passengers direct to Arizaba.

The King Cotton Manufacturing Company, of Augusta, Ga., has organized under the charter recently obtained. The capital stock has been fixed at $1,000,000, most of which has already been subscribed.

Albert Netter, a Cincinnati broker, has closed negotiations by which a syndicate of eastern and Ohio capitalists bought the controling interest in the Kentucky Central Railroad.

In the United States Court at Louisville, Ky., Judge Barr, at the instance of the foreign bondholders, ordered the sale of the Memphis, Paducah and Northern Railroad.

The Rhode Island legislature met and transacted all important business in four days then adjourned.

The Boston Produce Exchange has passed resolutions in favor of holding a world's fair in that city in 1885, and appointed a committee of six to co-operate with other committees on the subject.

Augusta, Ga., which is so rapidly becoming a business and manufacturing center, will issue $400,000 of 6 per cent. thirty-year bonds to pay for a new water works system and improved drainage and sewerage.

Ex-Mayor Stokley, of Philadelphia, has been elected president of the Atlantic and Gulf Coast Canal and Okeechobee Land Company.

The International Telegraph Company has filed articles of association at Albany, N. Y. The capital will be $10,000,000. They propose reaching all important cities in the country.

The Supreme Court of Tennessse has decided that the new municipality of the city of Memphis is bound for the $5,000,000 old debt, and the taxable property is liable to be sued for the same.

There is commotion in Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, because Lee Chin, a Chinaman, has married Mrs. Eva H. Lee, a white woman.

A terrific hail and wind storm passed over Deadwood, D. T. Hailstones of the size of hens' eggs fell for over two hours. One was found twenty-two inches in circumference. Mrs. Walcott, of St. Louis, was killed.

The Kuklux have begun operations in Perry county, Ark. They attempted to burn the town of Perryville on Sunday night, and are endeavoring to drive persons out of the county by means of threatening letters.

Ex-Confederates are preparing a warm welcome to the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, which meets at Chattanooga, Tenn., next September.

The Grove distillery, at Peoria, Ill., owned by Woolner Bros., was burned. Loss $150,000; insurance $85,250.

The first pile for the new bridge over Berwick bay, La., has been driven. The bridge will be 2,000 feet long, extending from near Morgan City to Berwick City.

There was a severe frost in the neighborhood of Montreal and Paisley, Canada, and Watertown, N. Y. It did great injury to the growing crops.

The temperature fell very perceptibly in the section of Port Jervis, N. Y., and there was a slight frost. In Sullivan county, N. Y., and westward along the Erie Railroad there was a heavy frost, and considerable damage was done.

The president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company paid to the committee of Boston shareholders $15,000,000, due July 1, on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore stock bought by the former company.

It is believed a syndicate has been formed, with members in all the large cities, to disseminate false information, with a view to influencing the produce and stock markets.

The Clyde combination, through President Haskell, of the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad, is negotiating for the purchase or lease of the Knoxville and Augusta road. The Baltimore Railroad Company, through President Barbour, of the Virginia Midland road, is also anxious to secure the new road.

The John P. King Manufacturing Company has been organized in Augusta, Ga., with a capital of $1,000,000, with the privilege of increasing it to $3,000,000. Hon. John P. King is president. The mill will make cotton goods, and will be located on the line of the Knoxville and Augusta Railroad. Over $200,000 have been subscribed in two days.

The Georgia Pacific Railroad has been organized in Atlanta, Ga., with Gen. John B. Gordon as president and Col. A. S. Buford as vice-president.

The Cincinnati Court of Common Pleas has before it the suit of the creditors of Archbishop Purcell against the Catholic church property of the Cincinnati diocese, to recover four millions deposited with him for five thousand poor people.

The safes in the office of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Board of Education have been robbed of the account books, ledgers and vouchers pertaining to the transactions of the board for the last five or six years.

Three captains of ocean steamers were arrested and put under bonds charged with carrying more passengers than the law allows.

The Centennial organization for the better endowment of the Washington and Lee University met in Philadelphia, and elected Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, D. C., president, vice Morton McMichael, deceased.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A heated discussion on Irish affairs occured in the British House of Commons. Mr. O'Kelly, home-ruler, was suspended for using unparliamentary epithets. Military and police in force are assisting at evictions in Ireland.—One thousand stocking weavers are preparing to emigrate from Chemnitz, Germany, to America.

The London *Times* arraigns Archbishop Croke and Mr. Parnell as having conspired to defy the law.—Mr. Boyton, one of the Irish state prisoners, appeals to President Garfield for protection.—Mr. O'Mahoney and several other prominent land-leaguers have been arrested.—A serious riot occurred in Cork.—The instigator of the Miandoab massacre in Persia has been blown from the mouth of a cannon.—A conspiracy against the life of the Czar has been discovered at St. Petersburg, and twenty-one arrests have been made.

Bulgarian discontent is attracting wide attention in Europe. The principality will be declared in a state of siege.—The Czar, who has been self-imprisoned in the Palace of Gatschina, will change his quarters to Peterhof for greater security and convenience.—A terrible storm at Gatschina has overturned the granite column of the monument to the Emperor Paul.—European powers are conferring with a view to secure complete neutrality for the Panama Canal.—The steamer Glenlogan, from New York for South America, has been burned at sea. Crew and passengers saved.

Italian railroad employes have formed an association for the robbery of passengers and baggage.—Coercion continues at work in Ireland. Further arrests are reported.—Sir Edward Thornton, at present British minister at Washington, is gazetted as ambassador to St. Petersburg, in place of Lord Dufferin.—Spain is invited to join the other powers in coming to an understanding about the Panama canal.—Another dynamite plot against the Czar has been discovered.—Three thousand people have been made homeless by a great fire in Siniawa, Gallicia.

Lord Carnarvon refers to the state of affairs in Ireland as civil war. Sir Richard Assheton Cross avers that no government has made so many mistakes in so short a time as that of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Chamberlain, president of the board of trade, in defending the course of the government, declares that the object of Parnell and his followers is not the removal of Ireland's grievances, but the separation of Ireland from England.—More serious rioting in Skibbereen has taken place. The directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have decided to build an Independent line between this city and Philadelphia.

Businesss Before Pleasure.

There is a sagacious Newfoundland dog in Norwich. He will take the basket, in which is a note, and go to market, get meat, vegetables, or whatever the note calls for, and carry it safely home. But he has a daily task assigned him which he performs, rain or shine, and that is to carry his mistress her dinner. She keeps a millinery establishment and does not go home to her noonday meal. Regularly as the day comes around the dog may be seen trotting along Main street at about 11:30 with a basket in his mouth looking neither to the right nor left, but going straight to the store, where he sets it down and watches it until his mistress comes for it. And he is so well known, too, among the Norwich dogs that he is never molested. But on Monday a stranger dog undertook to have a little racket with him while he was loaded down with his commissary stores. He hung to the basket, but stopped long enough to get a good look at the cowardly cur that had interfered with him, and then started off on a run to the store, where he dropped the basket and immediately returned to the street and began to search for his assailant. He found him on Franklin avenue and proceeded to chastise him in true canine style. In about half a minute he sat down and watched that cur put in his best jumps for the hill-tops of Voluntown, giving a ki-hi at every leap.—*Hartford (Conn) Currant.*

The First Spurious Bank-Notes.

The production of a spurious Bank of England note was first accomplished in the year 1758, and the daring genius who first conceived this royal road to fortune was one Richard Vaughan, a linen draper in Stafford. The bank had been going for sixty-four years without ever experiencing the slightest trouble or apprehension in the matter, and would probably have gone on for many years more, but for the ill-starred ambition of this worthy to impress his *fiancee* with a show of his wealth. He handed over this lady a considerable sum in bank notes, all of which turned out to be his own manufacture. So novel and original a method of making a fortune would certainly have been eminently successful but for the awkward interference of one of the engravers whose services had been engaged upon one part of the note. He communicated with the authorities, and Mr. Vaughan's enterprise came to a tragic end.

He Was Admitted.

The business manager of the well-known dramatic star tells an amusing story to the effect that during the season just closing the company played an engagement in that part of the country where bowie knives and revolvers are an indispensable feature in the make-up of the regular inhabitants. He was alone in the ticket office when a burly specimen of humanity stepped up, and, showing a heavy revolver, inquired, "Is that good for an admission?" "Certainly," replied the manager in his most urbane manner, and the man with the shooter passed in. The next day he called at the ticket office again, and laying a dollar bill on the window said, "That was a good show, mister, and so here's your money. "I never pay to see a show till I know whether it's a good one."

Russian immigrants in Minnesota escaped the trouble of coal famine by burning prairie hay in their air-tight, old country, brick-lined stoves.

The Loss of Ammonia.

The loss of ammonia in manures is a question frequently discussed. The experiment of Dr. Voelcker with fresh horse manure, gathered from the stables before being mixed with the heaps, will, no doubt, interest and surprise many. In one experiment the amount of ammonia, which was drawn out by long-continued boiling, amounted to 6.6 pounds per ton, which, at twenty cents per pound, would amount to $1.32 per ton. The loss, however, on the land would not amount to a quntity anything like this, for in such case the ammonia was extracted with boiling water. A second experiment, with a sample of hot, fermenting horse manure, emitting a strong and pungent odor, lost in like manner less than two pounds per ton, or 39 2-10 cents in value. As the excrement, even as hot as this is, soon cooled when spread upon the ground, and as the fresh earth absorbs the ammonia very rapidly, these experiments would indicate a loss in practice of too small a value to be taken into account, when the convenience of time is taken into consideration. A large majority of our farmers are frequently deterred from drawing out manure at times when the hauling would cost very little, on account of the teams standing idle in the barns, for fear of loss by exposure, but so small a loss should never be considered when a question of convenience arises.

They were approaching an ice cream saloon, and she said, "Oh, Charley, I'm going to have my new dress cut bias—Oh—oo. S-p-p-p!—there's an ice cream saloon, Goody!" Yes, and it is like your new dress, for it will be cut by us;" and the horrid old wretch led the panting damsel across the street.

Benefactors.

When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced the discovery that by combining some well known valuable remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were sceptical; but proof of its merits by actual trial has dispelled all doubt, and to-day the discoverers of that great medicine, Hop Bitters, are honored and blessed by all as benefactors.

Mrs. Mary E. Nash, of Des Moines, Iowo, has declined the Greenback nomination for State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Something Almost Marvelous

Is the steadily increasing power and popularity of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

An allopathic physician at Mount Clemens, Mich., refused to act as a pall-bearer at a funeral a homœopath had also been invited.

VEGETINE is not a stimulating bitters which creates a fictitious appetite, but a gentle tonic which assists nature to restore the stomach to a healthy action.

The Winchester Armory, New Haven, Conn., declined an order for 50,000,000 cartridges from Turkey until satisfactory security should be offered.

Ladies Attention.

We want intelligent, energetic Lady Agents to sell to WOMEN ONLY, an article of real hygienic merit. For particulars and liberal terms, address WAGNER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Let it be understood once for all that CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum, will positively restore hair to bald heads, and there is no other preparation under the face of the sun that can accomplish this work.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittant fevers, the FERRO-PHOSPHORATED ELIXIR OF CALISAYA BARK, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half-dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when, to my surprise, I commenced to feel better and to-day I feel better than for three years past. I write this hoping every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness.

Pennsylvania has a new law, and the first one to be adopted by any State, forbidding the separation of white and black children in the public schools.

Vegetine,

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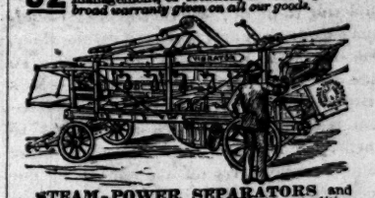

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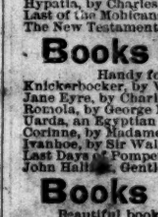

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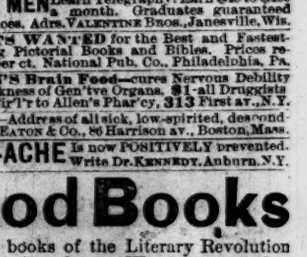

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